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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, published monthly, besides articles on the sea, ships and seamen, represents the work of the **AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY** and more briefly of kindred societies.

The Magazine is sent to single subscribers for One Dollar a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the Magazine should always give both the old and new address, in full.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page monthly paper, represents in Sunday Schools the Loan Library work of the Society. Sunday Schools contributing \$20 for a loan library receive fifty copies monthly for one year, postage prepaid.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND, containing matter suitable for seamen, is issued quarterly and distributed gratuitously among them. It is supplied to similar societies at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

Provided a request is sent annually for the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE**, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the Magazine, gratuitously, should give annual notice of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the **AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY**, in payment of subscriptions to the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE**, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of the **AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY**, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Society should be notified at once.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time a Life Member. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the **AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY**, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:

- 1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.
- 2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.
- 3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other signed their names thereto as witnesses.

SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 76,

FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 2.

[For The Sailors' Magazine.]

REV. W. C. STITT, D.D.

DIED JANUARY 2, 1904.

Hail, and Farewell! Like passing ships at sea,
We sent our greeting, with a word of cheer,
A happy "God speed," in the glad New Year,
Unthinking that it evermore should be
A last Farewell!

Farewell! Farewell! Ah! better than we sought
Came unto him, who speeding his fairway
Into the harbor of eternal day,
Was nearer than our reckoning had thought
The Port of Peace.

And evermore while memory shall last,
We hold his symbol of a gallant ship
Homeward returning from a stormy trip,
With bending sails, and colors at the mast;—
And welcome home.

While we, still wrestling with life's stormy sea,
Shall bravely bear the burden and the heat
Of Tropic calm, or Arctic storm and sleet;
And cheered by lessons that were taught by thee,
Reach home at last.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

CAROL OF THE SEA.

The surges moan beneath the keel;	For we are far from choir and fane
Their cadences, now soft, now loud,	Who serve the temple of Thy sky,
Throb out in murmurous appeal	Yet we have heard the hurricane
The antiphon of sheet and shroud;	Declare Thine awful majesty,
Faint chords, O Lord, that lift to Thee	And learnt the Trade Wind lilt that sighs
The voice of Thine eternal Sea.	In concords won from Paradise.

Tho' we have met Thy mercies mute
 (Hark! where the tolling fog-bell swings)
 Yet we have marked Thy reed and lute
 In falling wave and wind-plucked strings,
 Then take, O Lord, from this Thy sea
 Our hymn to Thy Nativity.

FRANK SAVILE, in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

TIME'S SEA.

Like barks that cleave the billows of the main,
 And score with furrows white the mighty deep,
 Some gliding onward with majestic sweep,
 And others idly lagging in their train,
 Like ships deep laden with a wealth of gain,
 That slowly mount the towering surges steep,
 Or like the light-rigged crafts that swiftly creep
 Across the reaches of the trackless plain,—

The days across Time's ocean take their way,
 And each morn finds, within the port of Past,
 One ship forever anchored,—Yesterday;
 While in the Future's offing, flying fast
 Or plodding slow, the Present sails for aye,
 To mingle with the fleet of ages vast.

WILLIAM TYLER OLCOTT, in *S. S. Times*.

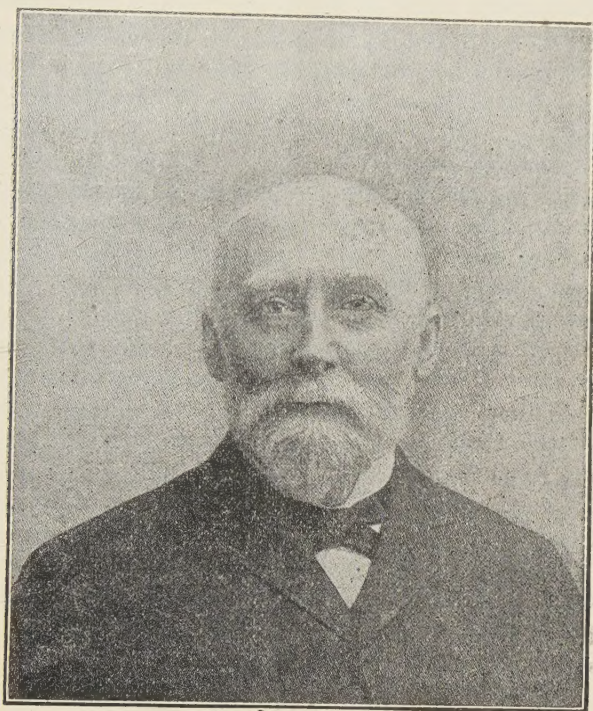
THE SAILOR'S CREED.

The arms of God inclose the night,	I would not let myself forget
The night enwraps the sea,	That human crafts are frail,
The sea surrounds the tossing ship,	And that a sudden storm may lash
The ship it holdeth me.	The sea on which I sail.
 This little metaphor of life	 And by and by, when I am called
Guides me in all I do;	To leave my faithful bark,
It minds me of my sailor's lot,	My seaman's pluck must falter not
And shapes my ways thereto.	To trust the trackless dark.

For this I know, that while the dark
 Shall swallow up the sea,
 Around the silent, shoreless night,
 The arms of God will be.

S. T. LIVINGSTON, in *Youth's Companion*.

DEATH OF THE SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.



This number of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE bears heavy tidings to its readers and friends. On Saturday, January 2, our beloved and faithful Secretary, the Rev. William C. Stitt, D.D., passed suddenly and painlessly away from earth. He had been spending a few of the holidays with his wife and a married daughter at their home near Boston, and returned to New York to take up the duties of the new year. He seemed to be in usual health and spirits and was preparing for a visit to the Rev. R. E. Steele, chaplain of the Mariners' Friend Society at Newport News, previous to the departure of Mr. Steele to take charge of the work of the Seamen's Society in Boston. The day before his death he had some cardiac pains and called a physician who relieved him and advised rest over the Sabbath. He spent the day quietly in his room reading and resting and just at evening while sitting in his chair by the window, his eyes closed and his heart ceased to beat. A

violent snow-storm delayed the arrival of his family till Sunday and many of his friends did not know of his departure till the announcement of his funeral was made in the daily press. The funeral services were held in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, January 6. The pastor, the Rev. Joseph Ross Stevenson, D.D., was assisted by the Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard, D.D., President of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and the Rev. John H. Edwards, D.D., an old and valued friend. The services were simple and sincere and the tribute which the pastor paid to his friend and parishioner was just and true. Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY acted as pall-bearers. and among the numerous friends who filled the chapel were clergymen of all denominations and an unusual number of venerable and distinguished men. The burial took place at Sparkhill, near to the church of Piermont, of which Dr. Stitt was pastor for fifteen years, previous to his acceptance of the position of Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The Rev. William Christie Stitt, D.D., the honored and faithful Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, was born in Philadelphia, April 23, 1833, and graduated from Princeton University in 1856, receiving from that university the degree of Master of Arts in 1859, and of Doctor of Divinity in 1889. He taught from 1856 to 1857, and graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1860. He was ordained in 1863 by the Presbytery of Carlisle. He acted as the stated supply of the Presbyterian Church in Georgetown, D. C., from 1860-1861, and supplied the Presbyterian Church of Hagerstown, Md., from 1862-1863, serving as pastor of that church from 1863 to 1867. His other pastorates were with the Presbyterian Church at Yellow Frame, N. J., 1868-1872; the Reformed Church of Piermont, N. Y., 1872-1887, and the Presbyterian Church of Hazleton, Pa., 1887-1888. He was for some years literary editor of *The New York Evangelist*, and a valued contributor to *The New York Observer*. He served as Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY from 1888 until the day of his death.

Dr. Stitt had a well rounded character, a cheerful temperament and a thoroughly trained mind. His religious faith was firm and intelligent; and his moral convictions were positive and robust; but he was kind, charitable and full of good will to men. He had a native shrewdness, which, allied to long experience, made him a good judge of men and an invaluable officer in dealing with seamen and their varied needs and conditions. He possessed what might be called sanctified tact, not the product of expediency, but of a divinely illuminated

heart. No hasty impulses led him into errors of judgment and he rarely if ever had to reverse his acts. His official life was earnest and enthusiastic. He loved the men of the sea, and labored for them with all his heart. He was never so happy as when planning for their welfare, addressing a ship's company, or conducting a Navy Yard meeting. He kept up a large and judicious correspondence with the many home and foreign chaplains and missionaries of the Society, and often made visits to the stations. He was always seeking opportunities to tell the story of work for sailors, in churches and Sabbath Schools far and near; and by his manifold writings and addresses he interested many who had never seen the ocean or sailed upon the sea, in providing comforts and libraries for seamen. Every month bore witness to the success of these endeavors, and every mail brought grateful acknowledgments from captains, officers and men of the benefits which they had received from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY through its indefatigable Secretary.

It is not necessary to tell the regular readers of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE of Dr. Stitt's editorial ability and aptitude. He had an intuitive knowledge of what sailors liked to read and what they ought to know. His cultured mind selected with rare taste the varied and beautiful poetry which always occupied its first pages, and his quick eye caught among the exchanges or in current literature, stories and brief essays or addresses which had a maritime flavor, and he transferred them promptly to the Magazine or the LIFE BOAT. His editorial work was of the choicest kind and he made the Magazine one of the best periodicals of its class.

In his intercourse with the officers and trustees of the Society, he was genial, frank and friendly. His judgment was sound but he was never obstinate or opinionated. A thorough Christian gentleman in all his habits of mind, speech and personal behavior, it was a privilege to know him, a pleasure to labor with him, and a great grief to bid him farewell. In all of our hearts there is heaviness, in all our ports there will be mourning, in the Navy Yards of the land, in ships upon the oceans of the globe, and in many a warm-hearted sailor's bosom there will be signs of sorrow for the half-masted flag at the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. But we may believe that our friend "met his Pilot face to face" on that stormy night when he "put out to sea," and that he is now safe and forever with his Lord, who walked upon the waters and bade the wild tempest "Peace, be still."

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. E. N. Taft, who on November 25 was congratulated by the Board upon his "long, varied and important service" as a trustee for thirty years, and also "upon his buoyancy and vigor, giving promise of continued activity, usefulness and happiness," died suddenly on December 19, 1903, in his seventy-eighth year.

For many years a trustee of the Adelphi Academy, a director in the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., a Life Member of the Long Island Historical Society, a vestryman in the Church of the Incarnation, he was also a trustee of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY from November 26, 1873.

In addition to his legal studies Mr. Taft was given to general reading, often taking up with enthusiasm some special line of investigation in theology and literature. He was a good friend and an agreeable companion. His work in this Society was highly appreciated and he will be missed from its counsels. He was a man of high ideals and spotless character.

Mr. John Dwight was born on August 1, 1819, and died on November 25, 1903. In May, 1875, he became a trustee of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and resigned in October, 1900.

Besides large gifts to colleges, east, south and west, he gave continuously to many charitable societies and to needy persons. One of the missionaries to seamen in New York went to him for aid in behalf of seamen's families. "Mr. Borella," he said, "I have been looking to you to keep me from being avaricious in my old age, and you have not been near me for a long time; you must come more frequently." He was a friend and helper of John Byrne, a rescued sailor who became a great winner of souls at the Sailors' Home, about whose work he wrote a touching article in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, showing his intense interest in saving seamen.

Mr. Dwight made an annual gift to this Society's treasury, was regular in his attendance at the meetings of the trustees and kept himself informed as to the Society's work.

In business circles he was known as a man of the strictest integrity, and in the Church as one who lived consistently as a Christian and as an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

The editor of this Magazine had neither time nor money to make a Christmas visit to each of the sailor missions in New York, but he had plenty of imagination to use generously for that purpose, as indeed his habit is. Of course he put a million in the treasury of this Society.

for its work is capable of great expansion, and a hundred thousand in the treasury of the Port Society for a new Mariners' Church, and another hundred thousand for its endowment—and so he went on with his imaginary Christmas giving, and as it was imaginary there is no need to detail the time and money given to other missions, not one of which was forgotten.

Perhaps an impulse to this day-dreaming may be found in his frequent failures to enlist the interest of men who have plenty of time for investigating the needs of sailor-work and plenty of money to give to it. They could easily turn his fancy to fact. His fancies do no good or perhaps they are akin to the "vain thoughts" which the Psalmist said he "hated." He can only testify that there is much pain as well as pleasure in his office, and that the largest element in the pain is in his failure to get large sums from those whose habit is to give large sums to causes which lie near their hearts, and in his knowledge that the best of causes is far from the hearts of most. God bless the few who love it and make sacrifices for it!

All correspondents, including missionaries, are requested to address their communications to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and not to its officers, personal letters of course excepted.

Plimsoll's Load Line legislation is needed in this country. The following bill will be offered in Congress this winter :

The owner of every American steam vessel, except vessels of small register employed solely in fishing, and pleasure yachts, shall mark upon each of the sides of the vessel, amidship, in white or yellow, on a dark ground, or in black on a light ground, a circular disc twelve inches in diameter, with a horizontal line eighteen inches in length, drawn through the center. The center of this disc shall be placed at such a level as may be directed by the inspector of the district, and shall indicate the maximum legal load-line. If the vessel is so loaded as to submerge the center of the disc such submersion shall be a reasonable cause for the detention of the vessel. Any owner or master failing to cause his ship to be so marked, or allowing it to be submerged below the load-line, or any person who shall cancel or remove such a mark, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding \$1,000.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of twenty-two comfort bags from Mrs. A. M. Sherrill's Sunday School Class of East Orange, N. J.; two scarfs from Miss Wessels, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; a package of magazines and papers from E. F. Burnett, of Pelham Manor, N. Y.; a barrel of books, magazines and papers from Wm. Abbott, of Westchester, N. Y.; a package of papers from Miss M. P. Howell, and two comforters from Mrs. Martha E. Magie, of New York City.

LOAN LIBRARIES. The mate of the schooner *Dora Allison* writes of No. 9,145 :

It has been very much appreciated by all on board and has done lots of good.

The master of the schooner *E. E. Birdsall* writes of No. 10,268 :
Your library has been used and appreciated.

The master of the bark *Rebecca Crowell* writes of Nos. 10,406 and 11,024 :

In the last three years we have had two of your libraries on board and they have been a good thing for all concerned.

The master of the bark *Landskrona* writes of Nos. 10,462 and 10,533 :

We have had a number of your libraries on board and the books were read and fully appreciated. Personally, I can say I have found excellent reading matter in them, both instructive and entertaining.

The master of the schooner *Oliver S. Barrett* writes of Nos. 10,664 and 10,899 :

Have had your library on board for two trips and officers and crew have enjoyed reading its books, which we find interesting and instructive. Have exchanged with the schooner *Lydia M. Deering* for library No. 10,899 to-day. May you be blest in the work and interest shown to those that go to sea.

The master of the ship *Eclipse* writes of No. 11,070 :

I write to thank you for the box of books which you have kindly sent on board for the use of officers and crew. The origin of the library is very interesting and I have no doubt the perusal of these books will give pleasure to many during the voyage, and I hope some good through them may be done.

[For The Sailors' Magazine.]

OUR "COMFORT BAG."

BY MRS. CATHERINE S. WINCHELL.

The afternoon sunshine was rapidly fading into the cold gray of winter twilight, and the sun seemed to be gathering up his gorgeous robes for a final plunge behind Mount Saganoff. Miss Saffronia Boggs was watching him. He always found her patient, invalid face looking at him from that little window as he sank ; and as she leaned her head wearily on the back of her big wheel-chair he seemed to toss a particularly ten-

der glance down upon her, like a caress.

Beneath her window the white frozen street led to the village half a mile beyond, and was at this moment gay with color and sound. The little school children in their rubber boots and Tam O'Shanter caps were firing snowballs and making the welkin ring with the babble and laughter so long repressed in the dull village school-room. Mrs. Delamond's shining

black sleigh, with its big red cockades and sleek, spanking bays, came flashing down the road, bearing Mrs. Delamond herself, wrapped to the eyes in costly furs, from the great mansion on "Mulberry Hill" to the little village center,—while the postman on his rounds of rural delivery dropped many a message to quicken the pulse-beat or dim the eye of those who were watching the little mail-box.

"Well! I know he has nothing for me," said Miss Saffronia, leaning down her tired head again, "for my *Open Window* doesn't come out till the first of the month, and besides it seems as if I didn't want to see another until I get my 'comfort bag' finished for the sailors. They want it so much, and it's the only thing I can do for Christmas; but I'm afraid I can't manage even that."

Her sad thoughts were diverted by the clumsy tread of nail-shod feet that clumped up and up the little bare wooden stairs just outside Miss Saffronia's room, and the half-open door revealed that they belonged to the freckled face and frowsy red hair of Hannah Huggins, aged twelve years. You would not have called her a beauty, I know—you aristocratic, Roman-nosed maidens! But, alas! there are scores of you beautiful girls who never in all your lives brought so much sunshine and helpfulness into an invalid's room as homely Hannah Huggins has done over and over again, and will do now.

"I'm a-goin' down to the village, Miss Saffrony, so I just stopped in to see if yer want any errands."

"Why, bless your heart, Hannah! I am in dire distress for a messenger to Kearney's store, and I would choose you above all oth-

ers. You know I have been longing to do some little thing to brighten Christmas-time for at least one human being, and when I read that item in my *Open Window*, asking for 'comfort bags' for the sailors, I made up my mind that *there* was my opportunity. I had just enough cretonne left from my chair covering to make the bag, and I have saved up seventy cents for the filling, but I have just been reading over this list of articles required, and dear me! seventy cents won't buy half of them. But, Hannah, you must use all the brains you can muster, and make it go as far as possible. Get the card, at any rate, for it won't seem like a Christmas gift without that, and be sure you remember the red flannel, and oh! I *must* have the Testament, if the other things are left out."

"Well, Miss Saffrony, you know Mr. Kearney took off two cents on that hair-brush you bought last week, and mebbe he'll let yer have a bargain."

"No, Hannah, that isn't Mr. Kearney's way, but do your best and hurry now, for it is almost sundown."

Hannah stubbed hastily downstairs and across the freezing snow, while Miss Saffronia, watching the landscape pale under the fading sunset of the short winter day, and glow again under the moonrise of the winter night, laid her aching head down on the back of her invalid chair, and an angel flying through the frosty overhead dropped sleep down into her tired eyes and a vision into her heavy heart.

She was still watching the moonlight, but not now on Saganoff Hill. It gilded the crest of great billows through which a gallant ship was plunging. In the crew's

crowded quarters, while men slept, one only watched—his head upon his hands, his eyes full of tears.

After some moments he rose, and taking from his box a small bag of flowered chintz he drew from it a little Testament and a letter. He opened the book at a well-thumbed page and read the verse "God so loved the world, that he gave his only and well-beloved Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,"—not *read*, either, for there was only the dimmest light, but he knew it by heart.

And in the same fashion he read or repeated the letter, but when he came to the words "Perhaps you may be lonely at Christmas, and if you are far out at sea you may forget how many there are who love you. Perhaps, in the impetuosity of youth, you may have broken away from parental restraints and turned your back on your home. But remember, a father's arm is outstretched to embrace you to the end of your life, and a mother's love never grows cold." The sailor-boy bent his head and sobbed. A ray of moonlight from the opening above fell across his cheek like a loving kiss, as he murmured: "Dear home under the elms, I *did* forsake you. Dear father and mother, I have done you wrong and shame immeasurable, and in all these years of wicked wandering I have never thought I should dare to seek you again. But since ten months ago, this letter and this Testament forced me into to that awful struggle with a Power I knew not and the evil in my own soul which I knew only too well, and when it ended in a great light which shone round about me and revealed to me how Jesus can love to the uttermost and abundantly

pardon,—since then I feel sure *you* will pardon also, and I long to ask your forgiveness.

"And Kitty, my beautiful sister, whom years of seniority made almost mother, but none the less my playmate and companion; I learned that you married years ago, but I am sure no lover or husband could ever drive me wholly from your beautiful home or your sweet woman's heart. No matter *who* turns away from me, I shall always feel sure of the sister I——"

"Well, here I am again, Miss Saffrony; and a pack bigger'n Pilgrim's Progress. I reckoned I never *should* get it to the top of those stairs."

Miss Saffronia opened her eyes in half-awake confusion as the big package was hitched spasmodically to the foot of her wheel-chair.

"Why, Hannah!" exclaimed Miss Saffronia, who had now succeeded in getting her eyes open to an enormous size, which increased every instant, as Hannah laid the long-hoarded, long-toiled-for seventy cents on her lap. "What *does* this mean? Didn't you go to the village after all? Of course, you have not had time to go half way."

"Yes, I did, Miss Saffrony, there and back; but I tell yer them black horses do shorten up the trip amazin' when they get their heads up and their red plumes a-flyin'. But what's the use of bein' fine, Miss Saffrony, if nobody knows it? Here I come a-prancin' up to your door, jes' like a peacock, an' you never glanced up to see Mrs. Delamond diggin' me out of all them furs, an' that scarlet-trimmed footman a-handin' up my pack jes' 's if I was the biggest lady in the land."

"Mrs. Delamond!" gasped Miss Saffronia.

"Yes, indeed. Now, Miss Saffrony, you jes' quiet down and I'll tell yer all about it. You see, as I was a-trudgin' along Mrs. Delamond flashed by me with them black horses, as grand as a duchess, an' when I come to Kearney's store she was a-buyin' some napkins. Mr. Kearney pulled down all the linen he had in the store, an' while she was a-fussin' at it I done my errand. And when I got through 'splainin' 'bout the thimbles an' Testaments an' all that, an' he went off to get 'em, I glanced up an' that woman—oh, ain't she as proud as a queen, Miss Saffrony!—she'd jes' drop the linen an' come close up to me an' stood a-starin' an' swallerin' every word I said, an' when Mr. Kearney was gone she asked me a lot of questions and said she thanked the Lord that *somebody* remembered the sailors; an' she jes' cried too, Miss Saffrony, I seen real tears in her eyes. An' when Mr. Kearney come back she jes' give him orders right and left, you better believe—a pile of Testaments, an' a hull box of Christmas cards,—an' oh, Miss Saffrony, they are jes' beautiful an' no mistake. All blue an' gold, an' pictures, an' verses, an' a peck of thimbles an' yarn, an' ever so much more'n you wrote, an' she wouldn't let me pay a cent. An' she got so interested she didn't care no more about the linen, an' when 'twas all packed she had it put in the sleigh, an' me too. An' she said, 'Now tell Miss Saffrony if she wants anythin' more jes' let me know, an' that I thank her for doin' this work for me,' an' then she sorter muttered, 'If *any* woman orter 'ave remembered, *I* was the one.' But good land, Miss Saffrony, nobody knows what she meant by that.

"Howsumever, I don't b'lieve you need no more, Miss Saffrony," and Miss Saffronia thought so, too, as with trembling, excited fingers, she drew out her treasures, and thanked her Heavenly Father who had inspired such a thought in the heart of the proud Mrs. Delamond.

And Mrs. Delamond—Ah! the horses pranced as gayly and the sleigh-bells rang as merrily as was their wont, though she saw and heard nothing. But she wore a thick veil that frosty afternoon, and the passers-by did not know that her eyelids were heavy with tears, or that the splendid equipage they envied carried an aching heart.

And when she stopped at the stately mansion she bore herself as proudly as was her wont. But when she reached her own apartments, and had dismissed her maid, she entered a little boudoir, and unlocking an inlaid cabinet drew out a box containing her dearest treasures. Removing the cover she pressed a lock of soft brown hair passionately to her lips and murmured between sobs, "Oh, Ned, my dear little brother! If you only could have possessed a little more patience. Oh, where are the seas you sail upon, and the ship that carries you? I pray that her timbers be staunch, and the waves smooth for her course, and that she may bring you again in God's good time to the friends that love you, and the waiting arms of your devoted sister Kitty."

* * * * *

A year has passed away. Three hundred and sixty-five times the new day has looked in at Miss Saffronia's window, and three hundred and sixty-five times he has gone down behind Saganoff

Mountain, and again Christmas is knocking at the door—and so is Hannah Huggins.

"Come in, Hannah."

"Well, Miss Saffrony, if you ain't workin' away on those 'comfort bags' yet! I should think 'twas time somebody come an' took 'em out of yer hands 'fore yer eyes give out."

"Just finished, Hannah. This is the last—soap, pencil, tobacco—now they are all ready to send off to-morrow."

"Well, ain't they jes' beautiful? One, two, three—twelve, as I live. My! Miss Saffrony, you do take a heap 'f bother for people yer dun' know a thing about."

"Yes, Hannah, I know a little about them. I know they are my brethren and that very few remember them; and since I have Mrs. Delamond's bank to draw on, I just love to do the work and furnish the bags. Oh, Hannah, I can imagine them carrying so many happy thoughts to those lonely men."

"Well, anybody'd like to have one o' them bags. Jes' full to the brim. My! Thimble, knife, pin-ball—and a letter in every one. And yer never heerd nothin' from that last year's one yit."

"No, not yet, Hannah; but I've got all eternity to hear from that in, and I expect to hear from some of these too. How good Mrs. Delamond is to give me the opportunity!"

"Oh, Miss Saffrony. You know that when I come apast that Delamond house to-night ('Mulberry Hill' as they call it) 'twas all jes' ablaze. Light in every window, clear up to that big tower, an' rooms full o' people talkin' an' laffin' fit to kill, an' them darkies runnin' in white aprons, an' a orchestray playin' like mad, an' they

say it's all cos Miss Delamond's brother come home. He ran away to sea years ago, an' they hain't heerd a blessed thing from him sence, till jes' now. My, Miss Saffrony, it's 'zactly like the 'prodicason,' ain't it? I wonder—well, I must get along; its growin' dark. If I hear any more 'bout it I'll let you know."

But Miss Saffronia heard first. The morning mail brought her this letter:

My dear Miss Saffronia:

I am spending a few days at "Mulberry Hill" with my sister, Mrs. Delamond. Although an entire stranger, I want very much to call upon you when it will be quite convenient for you to see me.

We are told that He giveth His angels charge concerning us, and perhaps you do not know that you had charge of an errant boy who wants to thank you as well as he can, and tell you how, by the grace of God, a "comfort bag" containing a letter and a Testament made a man of him, and a Christian to all eternity.

Your grateful and devoted friend,

NED BERWIND.

My dear friends, it is not given to all of us to go to the islands of the sea and teach the religion of Christ. It is not permitted to all to tramp up and down the wilds of Africa and tell the "old, old story" to the pagans and the idolaters of that "Dark Continent," but it is possible for all of us to drop a comfort bag into a sailor's chest, and, with God behind it, perhaps the results will be just as well worth while.

The voyage of human life under any other head than Christ, and under any other wind than the wind of His Spirit, is sorrowful beyond all expression.—*J. Pulsford.*

[For The Sailors' Magazine.]

A DISASTER ON LAKE VENER.

BY CAPT. G. W. SCHROEDER.

"Mother, mother, rise and pray,
For my father far away;
On the storm-tossed wreck he stands
Wringing in despair his hands."

"Child, don't trouble mother, dear;
Go to sleep without such fear,
God will guard your father's bark
Through this dreadful night so dark."

"Mother, mother, I can't sleep,
I see father in the deep,
Struggling hard with fearful wave,
Which will soon become his grave."

"Dispel your fears, my little child,
God rules the tempest now so wild;
He will stay its howling blast
And bring your father home at last."

"Mother, mother, could you see
The fearful scene revealed to me,
You would hasten to get up,
Praying while there yet is hope."

I was acquainted with the captain referred to in the above lines as lost on Lake Vener in the western part of Sweden. He was a worldly man, in the prime of life, and life to him was pleasure; his wife, a devoted Christian lady, a member of the First Baptist Church at Gothenburg; the child, a boy of eight years, of feeble mind, helpless and sickly, but religiously disposed, who from his earliest days had shown signs of being most marvellously led by the Spirit of God. His anxiety amounted to an agony for his father's conversion; it was for that he wanted his mother to pray on the night in question. It was midnight; the weary mother had just retired and gone to sleep, when called by the importunate pleadings of her anguished boy, a Joseph also by name. There was no cause for fear to the mother; the

"Child, O child, what can it be
That this night so troubles thee?
What can cause this strange alarm?
Let us trust God's mighty arm."

"I see him on the wave-swept deck,
Which is soon to be a wreck,
Praying to the God of love
Now to save him from above."

"Child, O child, I will rise and pray
For your father far away,
That the God, the God of love,
Now may save him from above."

The night which kept that child awake
The father's ship was on the lake,
In vain it stemmed the tempest dread
The ship went down and all were dead.

No one was left to tell the tale
Of awful horrors in that gale,
But how, and why, could that child know,
Unless some spirit told him so?

steamer had only been out one day and was not overdue at her destination; hence the mother's attempt to compose what she considered the needless fears of the child.

When I heard of the loss of the vessel, for I was at Gothenburg at the time, and all the circumstances in connection with that spiritual Joseph, it impressed me so deeply that I felt like recording the facts in the above lines, mostly in the words that the mother told me. If inserted in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE they might touch some tender chord, and cause some thoughtless ones to think.

That favored child, Joseph, as to spiritual insight and vision, was not to be afflicted long with physical infirmities in this world; for shortly afterwards "he was not," for "the Lord took him" to his proper home, and about a year after the young mother followed.

THE SAILOR A BUILDER OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. WINFRED CHESNEY RHOADES.

Address given at Central Church, Boston, April, 1903, before the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society.

..... We hear a great deal about the famous names of early New England, but I want to ask you to see how the sailor—a neglected one, a forgotten one—was one of the builders, and one of the chief builders, of our beloved country.

Of course we know that the country could not have been settled at all except for the sailor. We honor the pioneers who braved the dangers of a winter voyage and settled on our shores. Their names are often rehearsed in our ears. But let us give honor also to those who, in the small, frail boats of the period, brought those and the other early settlers here.

And scarcely had the people arrived when they began the conquest of the sea for themselves. The Spaniards and French, when they set out for the new world, went in quest of gold and furs. So did the English, but they soon found something better. These were the days before Boston had begun to worship the trinity which now every genuine old-fashioned Bostonian of the real blood delights to bow down to—the sacred cod, the Boston Common, and the Evening Transcript. The image of the sacred cod was not then hanging in the State House, presumably because there was no State House for him to hang in. But his living prototype was actively swimming along our shores, and his pursuit, capture, and preservation soon became the most profitable industry of the seedling nation. The cod sustained life

on shore, and gave an article that foreign markets wanted, and wanted very much. The Roman Catholic Church of the European States was constantly imposing and enforcing fasts; and anything that would relieve the monotony of slow starvation, and yet not be inimical, like the eating of meat, to the soul's eternal welfare, was eagerly sought after by the people of those countries. But some of the by-products of this interesting industry were not less profitable to the country at large than the direct profits. While the long trips to the West Indies and to Europe brought into the country both money and many needed articles, as well as made a beginning of our commerce, the coasting trips produced results of inestimable importance at the time; for they helped to subdue the coasts, extended the bounds of civilization, and—greatest service of all—helped to knit the various settlements together. Union of scattered settlements on land, and commerce across the seas; thus was the nation built and nourished. And a chief factor in this was the fishing industry. Capt. John Smith foresaw that the cod fisheries would bring more real gain to the country than "the best mine the king of Spain hath." And fishing "has justly been considered the cornerstone of New England prosperity."

But there was another kind of fishing that, with cod, brought more wealth to New England before the Revolution than anything

else. This was whale fishing. The world always needs light; but these days of which I am speaking were darker days than those we know. They were days when a royal court would have been dazzled by such a light as you may now see in a humble cot—or flat, to be modern and not poetical. When it was found that whale oil could be used for light, the whale became a much sought after member of ocean society,—a member of the Upper Tendom. And when great and high-born dames of royal courts came to look upon whalebone, for some strange reason, as a valuable acquisition for their toilet, or an essential to it, then doubly of course brave and chivalrous men must risk their lives for it. For woman must be made beautiful, forsooth! Now the whale abounded in the waters of our coasts, and hence another great industry sprang up. At first the men waited for the whales to be cast up by the sea, and patrolled the shores to find them, so valuable were they. And some strange regulations were made. The town of Eastham on Cape Cod made a provision that “a part of every whale cast on shore be appropriated for the support of the ministry,” and Thoreau, in his book about Cape Cod, tickles his fancy and ours by quaintly imagining the pious old parsons sitting upon the sand hills in every storm, and anxiously waiting for the bowels of the billows to roll their salaries over the bars of the backside of the cape. And he thinks that “no doubt there seemed to be some propriety in thus leaving the support of the ministers to Providence, whose servants they are, and who alone rules the storms; for, when few whales were cast

up, they might suspect that their worship was not acceptable.”

But it was not many years before the whale was pursued at sea, and those whaling voyages began which afterwards meant so much to our New England towns. This brought to American shores the romance, if also the toils and dangers, of the seafaring life. For these whale fishermen were the peaceful Vikings, Norsemen, sea rovers, of a modern day. A Captain Hussey or Captain Deblois of those days was the modernized and commercialized edition of the ancient Olaf Trygvasons. And the romance was not all gone, either. The distant voyages to Arctic waters, the fiery fights with leviathan, the crushing of boats, the wrecking of ships, the sacrifice of lives, made the whale fisherman a man of romantic interest as well as of wealth and social standing, and the founder of a new kind of aristocracy.

They were pious men who engaged in this business. John Hull, the first New Englander who can be called a merchant (a natural money maker, a narrow man, but solid, square, and pious withal), carefully tells his captains in their letters of instruction “to see to the worship of God every day in the vessel & to the sanctification of the Lord’s day & suppression of all prophainess that the Lord may delight to be with you & his blessing upon you which is the hearty prayer of youre frend & owner.” In 1643 a vessel sailed from New Haven which was “commended to the Lord’s protection by the church there.” Whether the Lord’s protection was craved most for the sailor, or for the vessel and cargo, does not appear. At any rate, these customs seem

pretty generally to have gone out now. The masters of these ships were men of parts, and often retired from the sea to fill important positions on land. Robert Treat Paine, who became a lawyer and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was once a sailor, and commanded a whaling ship on a voyage to Greenland. The fisheries, with their call for adventure, risk, and industry, trained a hardy race of bold sailors, who, learning the joy of power and freedom on the seas in their battles with the elements, craved power and freedom also on land, and in time secured them.

The rapid growth of fishing and commerce, and the abundance of timber ready to hand, early led to the development of another great industry—that of shipbuilding. The Plymouth Colony built a small boat in 1624, but the first sea-going vessel was built on the Mystic by Governor Winthrop, and was launched on July 4, 1631, the same date on which, one hundred and forty-four years later, a great ship of state was to be launched by the descendants of these early colonists. Governor Winthrop named this vessel *The Blessing of the Bay*. And she was well named, for, as a New England historian eloquently says: "She carried the future of this continent in her lading; the possibilities of American citizenship assisted in her navigation. Without ships, no industries; without industries, agriculture would have languished, society would have dwindled, the state would have died. Any reader may pause a moment in the busy career prescribed by our modern industrial life, and while gratitude fills his heart he may let his imagination contemplate this little sloop, carrying, not imperial

Cæsar, but the continental destiny of an imperial state. She was rightly named *The Blessing*. The Dove of Peace hovered upon her white-winged sails; ample Ceres nestled in the corn stowed within her narrow hold; the Lares climbed her slight spars, and hung about the smoke of her homely fore-castle; every rope of her simple rigging bound the community more closely; while at her helm the genius of her master directed her onward toward a brighter and better future for all mankind."

The industry thus humbly begun soon became a very important one. It brought other industries in its wake, a writer about 1750 stating that the business of shipbuilding maintained "above thirty several Denominations of Tradesmen and Artificers." These ships found a ready sale in foreign ports, so that there was a constant demand for more. New England ship timber was also much in demand, and one of the surest and quickest ways for the colonists to win the rather capricious favor of their gracious sovereign and lord was to send him a present of a shipload of masts for his royal navy. Moreover, these New England ships soon became the carriers for all the colonies in North America and the West Indies, and also for some parts of Europe.

But some of these vessels and their masters engaged in a trade not so creditable as that of fishing and carrying masts. Traffic in human lives was early begun on the coast of Guinea. To be sure, the creatures were black, but no doubt they were human, even at that early day, and had outgrown and discarded their tails and come into the possession of souls. It seems strangely and awfully fitting that in bartering for slaves the most

successful article of exchange was rum. Thus we see that in those days men bought human lives with good New England or Jamaica rum, much as in these days men sell their own souls for any kind of rum they can get. But pious men engaged in *this* trade also. One reputable church "elder" of Newport made it always a point, on the Sunday after the return of a slaver, to return thanks "that an overruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathen, to enjoy the blessing of a Gospel dispensation,"—a Gospel dispensation which meant the auction block and the whipping post. And no doubt many who engaged in this trade echoed the sentiment if not the words that a son of Governor Winthrop wrote to his father about a different venture, when he said that a cargo of wine had been sold, and, "blessed be God, well sold."

I have not time to follow the fascinating story along, but if I could we should see how all this led directly to the Revolution. The early commerce was necessary to sustain the developing agriculture, manufactures, and internal trade of the new country. Later it came to have a deeper meaning. "The eighteenth century," says Mr. William B. Weeden, "was the first period of history when commerce and its dependent industries shaped the destinies of mankind." The commerce of New England became vast, made her prosperous, and was fast making her wealthy. You are all familiar with the mother country's narrow, short-sighted, jealous policy of restriction and confinement. It was the policy of England to make the colonies buy only of her and sell only to her, and to get the busi-

ness so far as possible into her own hands. One writer of about the time of Cromwell said: "The colonies are beginning to carry on trade: they will soon be our formidable rivals. They are already setting up manufactures; they will soon set up for independence." And Sir Josiah Child said in his "Discourse on Trade," at about the close of the seventeenth century: "New England is the most prejudicial plantation to this kingdom. Of all American plantations, his Majesty has none so apt for the building of shipping as New England, nor none so admirably qualified for the breeding of seamen, not only by reason of the natural industry of that people, but principally by reason of their cod and mackerel fisheries, and in my poor opinion there is nothing more prejudicial, and in prospect more dangerous, to any mother-kingdom, than the increase of shipping in her colonies, plantations, or provinces." But New England's bold merchants and hardy sailors, whose very souls were thrilled with the freedom of the salt east wind they daily breathed, were determined that her commerce should be untrammelled and unconfined. When war broke out, the merchant ships became warships, the masters of vessels became commanders of fleets of fighters, the heroes of the cod and whale fisheries became the heroes of war. Old lists show that Boston alone had three hundred and sixty-five vessels engaged in the work of privateering during the war. Their gallant and efficient service so crippled the resources of England on the sea that she was much hindered in the prosecution of the war. And then, when the war was over, these same vessels with their masters and their

sailors became leaders in opening up that great trade with China and India which meant so much a hundred years ago.

Again I am forced to jump ahead, treating this great and entrancing subject only with "a lick and a promise." I cannot speak of the amazing growth of our commerce during the years since the Revolution. I cannot speak of the debt every one of us owes to sailors and commerce—how our breakfast and dinner tables, our houses and clothes, our factories, and the whole business and prosperity of the land, indicate this debt to us. But America's great glory and boast to-day is her commerce. Her exports and imports are largely the measure of her prosperity. Her hope for continued and increased prosperity is in her commerce. A great basis for the world's hope that an era of universal peace is coming is the extent and value of its commerce. It was commerce that made our various New England settlements acquainted and united them; it was commerce that made the different sections of our country acquainted, and made them feel that they had common interests, common needs, a common country, a common cause; it was commerce that gave us our relations with the rest of the world; it was commerce that gave us our first prosperity, and it is commerce that continues it now. And the man who makes all this possible is the sailor. The foundation of commerce is the sailor. And yet how is he forgotten and neglected! We hear much about the early merchants who carried on commerce, the John Hulls, the Sir William Pepperells, the Peter Faneuils, who sent their capital out on bold ventures, and dared and did great things; but

we hear little then, and we hear less now, about the man before the mast—the man who spreads the sails, and lies out over tumultuous seas, and works on small pay, and lives hidden away in the hold or stowed into some inconspicuous corner or hard place that could not be used for anything else, with few of the comforts of life and almost none of its luxuries, deprived of home, family, and friends, and in constant peril of body and soul. It is these that I am asking you to take thought about to-day—the great host of those whose names are not famed in history, but who made possible our commerce and our maritime warfare.

The sailor is one of the chief of the nation's builders. I cannot prove it; I can only ask you to see it from these scattered hints. But the one who does all this is subject to peculiar temptations and trials. We call them men, but many of them are only boys. Going out from home when the first desire comes to break away from all bonds, be free from parental control, assert their liberty; going when new passions and new desires for adventure and self-indulgence are burning hot within them; mere boys, ignorant of the hard life of the seas and open to every temptation: they enter upon a life where much of the time they are captives and exiles, where they are shut away from the blessings of home and the privileges of religion. When they come upon shore they are strangers and children, their passions are in a state of excitement, they have in themselves no resources for good entertainment. They need to be saved from themselves just as you and I need to be saved from our lower selves. And they need to be saved from the fiends on shore. For as soon

as their feet touch the land their paths are beset by men and women who are lusting to obtain possession of their money, their honor, and their manhood, and are sometimes not afraid to take their lives. Strangers and friendless, where should they go but where eager hands are stretched out to entice them in? Is the cold welcome of the average church anything but an iceberg compared to that? Will the strange, shy boy feel at home and at ease among people who know little and care less about his life, his ways of thought, his temptations, and his wants, but who are tremendously interested in their own precious selves? Can the church that is open two or three times on Sunday and once or twice during the week (and most churches cannot be open much more) save many sailors from the dazzling lights and gay laughter and sympathetic companions of the grog-shop and the brothel? It can through its special work, and work of this kind you are engaged to support. But may I say that your duty is not done by paying your annual dues and attending the stated meetings of the society and leaving the management of the work to a few. I hope none of you think that is all you owe the sailor. You remember that poem by the German peasant woman, Johanna Ambrosius?

A little flower sighed softly,—
 "I have much suffering known,
 For often heedless rough hands
 Throw on me sand and stone.

"And then such heavy footsteps
 Have caused me cruel pain.
 And wearily the time went
 Till my strength came again.

"You passed me by, not seeing,
 With measured, slow footfall;
 And you, who did not see me,
 Have caused more pain than all."

I appeal, therefore, not for the charity of money alone, but for the charity of love. Society is too carelessly forgetful of those at the bottom who do its plodding toil—the delving miner who works blindly and ignorantly for fair play; the women and children in sweatshops and factories who die without ever having had a fair chance in life; the sailor upon the seas, far away from the ennobling influences of good women and the power of the church.

The story is told of a countryman who went to visit some great boiler works near a city. He watched the building of a boiler, section after section. Riveters with heavy sledges worked on the outside, while inside the boiler was a man who held the rivets fast. At last the end was put on, with this man still inside. The countryman looked on in wonder, and finally he turned to the superintendent of the works, who was his guide, and said, "What do you do with the man inside? How does he get out?" The superintendent replied, "I'll let you into a little secret; we have to lose one man for every boiler we build." Of course this is only a story, but it is nevertheless a pretty true parable of society's carelessness of the lives of those who do much of its work. Work is being done all about us which costs the lives of those who do it. David refused to drink the water which stood to him for the blood of the men who had put their lives in jeopardy for his sake, but society lives on the blood of men and women and

children who do a large part of its work. The blood oozes from their fingers and they sew in the sweat-shops and some factories; it drips from them as they enter certain employments (such as mining or glass blowing), which they know will shorten their lives; it is given for us as they are involved in horrible accidents while building our great railroads or interoceanic canals, or languish in fevers caught from working in unhealthy climates.

The sailor not infrequently loses

his life, so that the food or clothing or fuel which we enjoy is gained at the cost of his blood. Then let us remember this part of our debt to society's obscure and neglected workers. That is my plea to-day. Think about the sailor. Care about him. Talk about him as you go here and there on your duties and pleasures. Rouse an interest in the work. Make converts to it. Do as much, personally, as you can. And pray for the work, and for the sailor, to whom we owe so much.—*Sea Breeze.*

PASSING OF THE SAIL.

As a long-distance means of commercial transportation, the sailing vessel is doomed—so we are assured by M. Daniel Bellet, who furnishes, in an article contributed to the *Revue Scientifique*, facts and figures to support his assertions. The substitution of the motor for the sail is going forward, he says, more and more rapidly, and except for pleasure and for certain special purposes the latter is fast going out of use. The day will come, perhaps, when as a means of propulsion for any but the smallest craft the sail will be as obsolete as the oar. Says M. Bellet:

“Everywhere, in all the commercial marines of the world, we see this disappearance of sails before steam. Thus, in the largest fleet of all, the English, we now find only one ton of sailing vessels to nearly five of steamers; and, moreover, in the sailing fleet is included a host of secondary boats built for the short-distance coasting trade, where speed is less important than in international commerce, and where the freights might not be sufficient to pay the cost of construction and mainte-

nance of a steam vessel. In Germany we have one ton of sails to four of steam, and the situation is constantly changing in favor of the latter. There are, nevertheless, two countries where this phenomenon is not taking place—Norway, where the existence of great numbers of sailing vessels is due to the fact that they are largely wooden boats that carry the lumber of the country * * * and France, where the multiplication of the sailing vessels has been artificially favored by absurd legislation. * * *

“The Germans and the Americans have recently built gigantic sailing vessels, for instance, the *Preussen*, of 12,000 tons. * * * The Americans have built ships of 10,000 tons, with no less than seven masts. But we may consider that the limit of the modernized sailing vessel has been reached. * * * Doubtless we hear of extraordinarily quick transatlantic passages by these boats * * * but these are due more to fortunate combinations of circumstances. And, in fact, the giant sailing vessels are far from being

completely safe; some of them have been mysteriously lost, like the famous *Maria Rickmers*, of the German firm of the same name, which was probably broken in two by the strain to which such a long vessel must be exposed. In fact the law of progress has decreed that the sail should be gradually abandoned in favor of steam transportation, and the English merchant marine has come to a realization of this."

But the ordinary passenger steamer, we are told further, is not fitted for freight business, and in place of the division between steamers and sailing vessels, we are going to have two kinds of steamers; first, those intended exclusively for passengers, which will move more and more rapidly and so demand higher and higher prices; secondly, freight or cargo boats, with two subdivisions—those of considerable dimensions, with powerful engines, constituting express boats, which will also carry passengers who do not care for the highest speed; and slower boats that will take nothing but freight.

The evolution of this state of things is already in progress, according to the author, and great strides have been made toward it in the past decade. In 1891 the *Tokomaru*, of 6,200 tons, was considered a huge cargo boat; but in 1899 we had reached the *Ivernia*, of 13,200 tons. The latest, the *Cedric*, will reach 37,870. A recent special investigator, Mr. McKerchnie, is quoted as saying that as we build more of the larger and slower steamers we are finding that the necessary power does not increase proportionately to the capacity. These huge cargo boats are, therefore, proportionately cheaper than the small ones, and

can thus compete more successfully with sail power. A curious development is that of large sailing vessels with auxiliary steam power, which have come into use at the same time that the large steamers are more and more abandoning their auxiliary sails, which were once so common. The author believes that these are uneconomical on account of the expense and the drag of the unused propeller; and he points out that their use originated through a desire to utilize for occasional motive power the steam engines already installed for the manipulation of the huge sails.

The abandonment of sails, the writer notes, is even to be seen now in the fishing fleets, where mechanical propulsion is found to be peculiarly valuable. It is believed that the petroleum motor has a future here on the smaller fishing boats, where cheap power is necessary. These motors are now used in Denmark both to drive the boat and to operate its nets. The naphtha dory, a still smaller form, is employed more and more frequently by fishermen on our northern coast from Maine to Newfoundland. Finally, the writer calls our attention to the displacement of the old familiar pilot-boat by the larger steam vessels—an entire transformation of the pilot's trade—which has now taken place in New York, and will shortly have been accomplished in all the large ports of the world. M. Bellet concludes:

"We thus see that the disappearance of the sail is spreading more and more widely, and although it may be desirable to make use of the wind's free power on land, especially for the production of the electric current, mechanical propulsion is becom-

ing more and more the rule at sea, and sail navigation is doomed to disappear, except where it is only a sport and not a means of commercial transportation."—*Literary Digest*.

Creatures that Attack Fish

Nearly all the "killing" of land animals takes place on the surface of the earth. Very few birds are ever killed in the air, except by sportsmen and by a few hawks. In this country the mole, the shrew and occasionally the fox and rat kill and prey at a little distance below the surface. But the ocean is foraged and ravaged in all its coast waters from surface to sea bottom by fifty species of aquatic moles, varying in size from the seal to the sea parrots, swift, active and voracious creatures which abandon the light and land and air temporarily or for the greater part of their lives, and incessantly burrow in the deeps in pursuit of the fish. No form of life escapes them. If any sea creature could hope to avoid the creatures of earth and air it would be the shell fish, great and small, firmly anchored to the rocks on the sea bottom, and often protected by shells of such flinty hardness that no bird and few beasts could be supposed capable of crushing them, even if they worked above water. It is conceivable that the gigantic walrus should dive down to the sea bed, and, raking up the clam shells with his tusks, should crunch them for a meal, but it is astonishing evidence of the invasion of the deep by creatures of the air that the scaup duck, the scoter and the elder, birds of swift flight and normal form, should dive fathoms deep to the mussel and whelk beds and crush and devour

these hard-shelled sea creatures with no more difficulty than a thrush breaks and eats a garden snail.

The only special equipment of the scoters and elders is the heavy ridge along the upper bill, which strengthens it when crushing the sea shells, and corrugated teeth or notches, like the "roughing" on the inside of a pair of pinchers, to aid in holding the shells. Yet they fish and feed for hours in the roughest weather, devouring their food deep down below, where the surface disturbance reaches them not, and only rising for a moment to take breath before descending again to their submarine dinner-table. Equipped with this wonderful power of diving and shell crushing, they fare better than the more ambitious fish-eating birds, which have to pursue their prey in different parts of the sea according to the weather. — *Christian Work and Evangelist*.

The Last Wooden Ship Built.

The American ship *Aryan*, which recently arrived from Baltimore, is the last wooden ship built in America. To lovers of the once popular Yankee clipper this example of a famous but disappearing type is held in peculiar interest. Driven gradually to obsolescence by the less artistic but more economical fore-and-after, the clipper type of sailing vessel is every year becoming rare. Other things being equal and barring shipwreck or conversion, the *Aryan* will one day be the sole survivor of the kind of ship that once made the American merchant marine the marvel of the world.

The *Aryan*, however, has many voyages to make before vessels like the *Shenandoah*, *Susquehanna* and

Roanoke, leave her as the sole representative of the American wooden clipper ship.

The *Aryan* was built in 1893 at Phippsburg, Me., and no expense was spared to make her outside lines in accord with the yacht-like traditions of her wooden sisters and to equip her cabins with as many home comforts as can be installed in the afterpart of the roomy windjammer. Her gross register is 2,124 tons. She is 248.6 feet long, 42.2 feet inbeam, and 26.3 feet deep.

She came from Baltimore in 136 days. Her cargo consisted of 3,054 tons of coal, of which Capt. Pendleton took such care that at no time during the voyage did the temperature of the cargo register more than 90 degrees. She was favored with fine weather in the Atlantic and fair winds helped her around the Horn. In the Pacific she met with some heavy weather, but nothing to hurt her, and she reached port in fairly good time and in the best of condition.—*San Francisco Call*.

LOOSED TACKLINGS AND HOW TO TIGHTEN THEM.

Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not strengthen the foot of their mast, they could not spread the sail; then was the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame took the prey.—Isahia xxxiii: 23.

..... This passage of Scripture is a figurative one. The figure is used to describe the Assyrian host. The great army is likened to a fine, large sailing ship which has almost reached port. She has come through storms by which she has lost all her canvas; her masts have gone by the board; her rudder is smashed, and therefore useless; all her tacklings are loose. She rides in the waters utterly unable to proceed, just in view of the harbor. And there so near and yet so far from her desired haven she becomes a total wreck.

This passage of Scripture describes the effects of sin—sin in the individual, in the community, in the nation, and in the world at large. All sin is rebellion; lawlessness. And all rebellion is directed against God. But while sin is first of all an act of rebellion against God, it is also an act of re-

bellion against the laws which govern our life and our being. Every act of rebellion against God exacts certain and irrevocable punishment and penalty in ourselves. And is it not true that every form of sin possesses a disintegrating power? Loss of memory, disorder of the nervous system, endless forms of physical illness, extreme mental enervation, culminating in insanity, these are some of the results of sin. For every act of sin is just as much an act of rebellion against the health, power and happiness of our own life, as it is against the supreme majesty of God. "Thy tacklings are loosed," describes the drunkard, the gambler, and those who commit grosser sins. Sin means shipwreck and ruin, disaster and desolation, unless we turn from it to obey Jesus Christ our Lord.

How may we possess a well-braced life, and successfully pass our probation here? Well, it seems to me most necessary for us to ever to remember that we are in charge of ourselves, and by that I mean that we are responsible for the conduct of our lives. We shall

have to account for our words and our actions unto Jesus Christ on His great Day. We must learn self-reliance. Do not lean upon some other man because he is bigger and stronger than you are. Never for a day neglect spiritual gymnastics. And if at any time you find the ropes of your life slack, the masts of your craft unsteady, and some of the sails gone, find out the cause and set to work with the grace of God to help you to do the repairs.

Then, keep in the open channel. Our Harbor Boards are careful to sink buoys all along the rivers and coast-line of the sea to show to the mariner the shallow ground and the dangerous portions of the water. And mariners always sail between the two rows of buoys in the deep, safe channel. God has marked for us the safe channel in the great river of our life. The commandments, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus must be obeyed, and in our obedience we find the deep, safe waters. Do not try to sail in the shallow waters. Keep to the old truths. See that your track is the safe one of duty, not pleasure. Do not indulge in questionable pursuits. Keep in the deep waters and drive on for the shore.

There is a point in the Niagara River which is called Redemption Point. It is situate not far from the Rapids, and just beyond the Rapids is the Great Fall. Some years ago a sailing vessel, accompanied by a tug-boat, had occasion to call at a port not far from Redemption Point. After completing the business the tug took the vessel in tow to bring her up the river. The tow-line snapped, and the vessel slowly but surely glided down the river in the direction of the Rapids. The captain, at first utterly bewildered by the

occurrence, perceived that there were signs of a coming breeze in the atmosphere. In the meantime the vessel had come to and almost passed Redemption Point. The captain gave the order for all sails to be set; almost immediately a breeze sprang up, and slowly the vessel began to move up the river, away from the Rapids, until she was quite out of danger, and the tug was able to take her in tow again. We are all sailing on a river, and there is a point on this river called Redemption Point. It is the utmost bound of Divine Mercy—beyond it infinite compassion cannot reach. Many of us drift and drift with the course of life until we reach and almost pass this point. If you are drifting let me ask you to think, and set all your sails, and pray for God's breezes to blow. And just as surely as you pray the breezes of Divine Mercy will fill your sails and bring you up from the Rapids of sin and the Niagara of everlasting doom!—*Ernest V. Lee, in The Waterman.*

The Great Steersman.

Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that he remembers a time when he was very idle. In his life's battle, however, there came a great change of campaign, which turned him from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere. It seemed to him later as though all that had been done had been done by some one else. He was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor had he, seemingly, anything personally to do with the matter. He says: "I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God."

HEAVING THE LIFE-LINE.

Now that wild storms are raging on the Atlantic and the strongest steamers have all that they can do to make port, while the weaker sailing craft are obliged to lie "hove to," their rigging coated with ice, plunging head on to seas against which they cannot make headway for days together, the thoughts of multitudes of humane and sympathetic people are turning frequently to the brave sailor men who have abundant cause to prove that a "life on the ocean wave, a home on the briny deep," is by no means all romance or poetry. When the decks are swept by high combing seas, which in some cases throw their spume and drift even to the cro'-nests of the huge Atlantic liners, or even with their wash carry away portions of the upper work of the promenade decks, it becomes exceedingly laborious and dangerous business for even the sailors themselves to try to do any work about the decks.

On one of the Atlantic steamers lately a gang of men was ordered forward to secure with firmer lashings a boat that was in danger of being carried away. The next instant a huge wave breaking aboard, hurled one of the men against the side of the deck-house and then overboard to a watery grave. On another steamship one of the crew fell overboard, but through the quick work of a ship-mate, who hove him a buoy at once, at the same time letting about a hundred feet of the line run out, the man as by a miracle was enabled to grasp the buoy and support himself in the icy seas till a daring boat's crew could go to his assistance and draw the half unconscious seaman aboard to safety.

Even more dangerous is it to ship in winter on a coaster or other sailing vessel. A three-masted schooner lately set sail from a Maine port. The schooner carried a deck load of granite in eight-ton blocks. A violent storm soon burst upon her. She seemed to have small chance of riding out the gale—as the vessel sprang a leak and the crew, lashed to the pumps, were obliged to work with desperate energy to keep the heavily-laden craft, wallowing in the angry seas, from going under. Finally a Gloucester fishing craft sighted the distressed schooner. The sea was running mountains high, yet the captain of the fisherman called for volunteers to man the dories. Every man volunteered. After much difficulty a dory was put alongside the schooner, and her crew, watching their chances, jumped aboard the frail skiff, and so were carried safely to the fisherman's decks.

Such terrible experiences are only too common in the bitter winter months. Some localities, like George's Banks, Nantucket Shoals, and Hatteras, are particularly dangerous. It is small wonder then that the inventive genius of the world is being turned ever more and more to a study of the problems of rescue at sea. Certain simple appliances for such rescue every ship carries. The life-buoys lashed, within convenient reach, to the bulwarks of clipper ships are very significant of the risks run by the crews who man the ice-coated yards and haul on the canvas which in wintry gales becomes stiff like so much sheet iron. The cutters, catamarans and rafts carried by ocean steamships are forcible reminders of the dangers of

the deep. More elaborate still are the provisions made in the various Life Saving Stations along the coast for the rescue of the crews of vessels, many of them foreigners, cast by wind or tide on strange and inhospitable shores.

In obedience to an irresistible human impulse which is active in the hearts of almost all men, without exception, the science of rescue afloat and ashore is being developed and improved constantly. All this means either a literal or a figurative heaving of the life-line to distressed seamen sinking in the deep waters of a troubled existence. "Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying!" is a song of redemptive deliverance which is meant to be sung in every language around the earth. It may be the business of professional philanthropists to make a particularly scientific study of the conditions of human need, and such serve as moral life savers, perform-

ing a duty in society similar to that of the brave coast patrols. But every individual is called upon to act on occasion as a life-saver, and if he has no elaborate apparatus at his command, at least he can heave overboard a life-line which some one almost engulfed by the waters of temptation or affliction may grasp and be rescued from an untimely death. Keep the buoy ever at hand. Take care that through no carelessness or indifference the line that is bent on to the buoy becomes fouled or entangled so that it will not when needed pay out rapidly and smoothly. Keep a weather eye open for the unfortunate and distressed whom you may encounter in your earthly voyaging. Be ever ready to heave out the life-line of either material assistance, personal sympathy, or spiritual consolation and testimony.—*Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight, in the Observer.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

Mr. J. Theodore Hedstrom writes on December 31, 1903:

Our reading room for seamen at Vartan has been during the past quarter a shelter for large numbers from the great wickedness outside. It has been a warm refuge where many seamen have found the love of Christ spoken to their hearts in the sweetest manner. More than a hundred seamen have here praised God for all His help and love that they have received in time past, and for all the benefit shown to them through their many friends. And when I have told them about the love of our dear friends in America, they have with tears exclaimed, "God

bless those who take so much interest in our welfare." I have sometimes seen sailors of four or five nations sitting around the tables in our reading room, some writing and some reading. One Sabbath evening I saw six Spanish seamen passing by our house and walking straight on to the public house. I went out at once to see if I could do anything to stop them. I spoke to them in English and told them that we had a reading room for seamen. But they were not inclined to go with me. I then took hold of the oldest one of them and commenced walking to our house, and with joy I observed that all the others were following. As soon as these sailors came inside the door they were pleased to find that they could write their letters freely and were pleased to find many Spanish

books. They remained here the whole evening and when going out they walked straight on board their vessel. That evening I had in our reading room Spanish, Dutch, German, English, Norwegian and Swedish sailors. All these sailors were supplied with the Word of God in their own language before they went on board. I am glad that I am able to mention such a fact as this. These sailors have visited us as often as they had a leisure hour. We have had ships here from which I have counted sixty-five up to ninety-five visitors from one vessel. Among the sailors I had in our reading room one evening I saw one who looked very sad, just like one who has a heavy burden resting upon his heart. I spoke to him and asked him if he was sick or if he had had some sad news from his home, but he only answered "No." Then I said, "What is it that makes your heart so sorry and troubled? Our blessed Saviour Jesus is able to help you in all your troubles." I had hardly mentioned this before the man burst into the most violent crying. After a while he said that he had come up to speak with me about his soul. We were then speaking about the pardon and peace in Jesus, and God was blessing the word so that he after some time arose and said, "I believe that Jesus is mine, and that all my sins are pardoned, and blessed be the Lord that my soul is cleansed in the blood of the Lamb." May God help and protect him everywhere and be with him to the end of his days.

Another evening I had a visit from a young seaman. He had walked out from Stockholm to our Home in the heavy rain so that he was wet through. When he came I was not at home and he had to wait until half-past ten before I arrived. As soon as he saw me he told me that he came to speak with me about the salvation of his soul. He said "I cannot go from this room before I know that I am a child of God." We read the Word of God and knelt down in prayer before the throne of mercy, and before the clock struck twelve the man stood up and with emotion and great joy began to praise the merciful Saviour for what he now had received. He went back to town in the dark night, but in his heart the light of heaven was now shining brightly and the sweet love of Jesus was following him in the darkness to his home, and will be his future guide.

In the Sailors' Home we have had every Friday during the autumn very

interesting and blessed occasions for seamen. More than one hundred sailors have been gathered together; beautiful songs and music have made a deep and solemn impression upon every heart. Christmas eve was celebrated in the Sailors' Home. About three hundred seamen were assembled. After the sermon the Christmas presents were distributed and we saw only happy faces and heard from all of them expressions of gratitude.

The following statistics show the work during the past year: Preaching services, 467; visits to vessels, 1,345; tracts distributed to seamen, 26,339, Bibles and Testaments, 197, portions of the Bible, 767; visits to hospitals and families, 98; book bags issued and placed on board ships, 216; number of volumes in these bags, 3,651, magazines, 2,915, Bibles and Testaments, 259, and 764 cups of coffee have been served out freely to seamen from our own table.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

To nearly a hundred men from the *Oregon* November 24, 1903, will be a day long to be remembered. That number took a delightful excursion to and around Tokio under the guidance of chaplain Austen who has lived in this country for over thirty years. The whole trip, including railroad fares, rickisha hire for all day, price of admission to museums, panoramas, zoological gardens, and a fine dinner at noon cost but yen 3.50 each. The party quietly proceeded to see everything that was to be seen and with the help of Mr. Austen's little talks from time to time were able to see understandingly and were lead also to notice many things that otherwise would have been overlooked. This intelligent, organized arrangement of a party for the explicit purpose of devoting a whole day to seeing things is an indication of good things to come, for, once we find how to do it, we will want to do it again. It might be proper to say that the party was not conducted as a military organization, but each free to move about on side lines as much as he pleased. That there was little scattering was due to the interest manifested in the constantly changing point of view. Every one wanted to be right on the spot to see all that there was to be seen.—*The Badger*.

Madeira.

FUNCHAL.

The Rev. Wm. George Smart writes on November 29, 1903:

The U. S. S. *Saratoga* has been in port, some of the boys visited the Rest. The Rev. G. B. Nind held a service on board, several friends from the shore assisting. Captain Holman gave every facility for the service; he said he had proved the value of Sailors' Rests and was glad to be able to speak in favor of them.

The Swedish man-of-war *Saga* has been in and many of the sailors came to the Rest. One man told me he had been at the Rest three years ago with a Christian lieutenant who is now in Sweden. The British steam yacht *Emerald* came in on Friday and was visited yesterday by Mr. Nind.

We continue to visit mail steamers and other vessels and give away large numbers of tracts and periodicals. The S. S. *Grosse Kurfurst* is coming here next March with the Sunday School Convention excursion. We hope friends of sailors' Rests will look us up.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NAVY YARD.

Mr. H. G. Fithian writes on January 2:

The work has been carried on as usual during the past month. A large number have requested an interest in our prayers; two have accepted Christ.

The attendance at the services has been good. On the last Wednesday evening of 1903 we held a testimony meeting; there were many good testimonies; among the number one who said he had become a Christian the past year in the meetings and was now glad he had entered the navy, and knew a man could be a Christian anywhere.

Boxes of magazines by express, prepaid, will be most acceptable, and I trust our friends will not forget that comfort bags are still appreciated by the men. I can use to advantage several hundred more this winter.

Letters.

"I miss the prayer meetings and song services, but I am trying to follow the Lord."

"I am glad to be a Christian. It will be a year in March since I was baptized. It has been a pleasure to serve Christ ever since. I am sure He will keep me safely and if I trust Him I shall have nothing to fear. Thank you for your kind letters and prayers."

"I regret having not written before this, but my duties have been more and heavier than I anticipated; however, I am getting along well. I think it is largely due to my changed life. Since I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ

I am more content and much happier. I made a great mistake by not doing this one thing long ago."

"I don't think my Bible will last more than another cruise; it is so soiled and finger marked; it has been my constant companion. I never thought I could learn to love it so well. I do not see how a man can be a Christian and not love God's Word. I am getting along well and find by obeying the Word and looking to God daily and praying without ceasing I am happy. Jesus Christ becomes more real to me every day. I know now what it is to have a 'friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Pray for me and my shipmates."

"I received the Testament and tracts and thank you for them. I lost my Testament and wanted one so much. I am still serving the Lord and trusting Him for all things. I miss the meetings more than I can tell you. I want to say to you that I think your kind words and the services did much to save me from going astray when I first entered the service. Now I am older, more settled in all things, especially things that pertain to righteousness. I trust you will write me when you can and ever remember me at the throne of grace."

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. J. B. Merritt writes on December 31, 1903:

Our work is in a highly prosperous condition. Both the attendance upon and the interest in the religious services

have been highly gratifying. As in my last report so again I have to say that we have had during this quarter another disastrous storm, much worse than the former one. Many vessels were wrecked on our coast and as a consequence I was brought in contact with many distressed seamen. And without exception they were loud in their praises of the life-savers on the coast; they complimented without stint the heroic, faithful and tender service rendered to men in peril and distress. I may be permitted to state that these men were given every needed attention and made as comfortable as possible. All have told thrilling stories of the war of winds and waves and the breaking up of strong vessels like so much tinder. As the sailors have praised the life-savers so I wish to compliment the undaunted courage of the men "that go down to the sea in ships that do business in great waters." While there has been much suffering there has been no murmuring or complaint, and I am glad that the world has such a wonderfully sympathetic heart for these men who are subject to so much suffering and exposure.

Only a few days ago a man came to me in distress and was supplied with a pair of shoes and a few articles of clothing so he could ship again. He turned to me with grateful eyes and said "Suppose I had gone to a saloon where so much money is squandered and asked for these things, what do you suppose I would have gotten?"

We distributed a large number of comfort bags at our Christmas festival; they were well filled and eagerly received by the sailors. They were the first comfort bags I ever had. On the same occasion two brothers who had long been separated from each other met most unexpectedly, and a joyful meeting it was.

The year is about to close and I pray God to bless the work of the old year and help us in the new to do our best. I feel thankful that many do appreciate the work we do for them. I am trying to do my best for the men of the sea to whom I have given so many years of my life.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 221, all others, 28; religious services held in chapel, 26, elsewhere, 1; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 32, of others, 7; religious visits to hospitals, 92, on ships, 244; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 87, tracts, 16,000 pages.

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

Mr. H. Iverson writes on January 5:

Our work has been carried on as usual, good attendance at the meetings, and interest manifested. The foreign ships consist mainly of English tramp steamers. The Norwegian sailing ships are very few.

On December 29 we had a Christmas tree for sailors. The Bethel was decorated with flags of all nations, and two trees well decorated stood on the platform. The Rev. Van De Ventor delivered the address, the Rev. Dr. Fair led in prayer, and good music followed. Refreshments, such as sandwiches, coffee, cake and fruit, were served to two hundred seamen, and Christmas presents were given to all the sailors present. Presents were also given to eighteen seamen in the hospital, and to seamen on ships that arrived after the feast.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 191, all others, 79; meetings held in chapel, 30; average attendance at meetings, 55; religious visits to hospitals, 9, on ships, 175; distributed 25 Bibles, and many tracts and other reading matter.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. Mickle writes on January 2:

The Christmas entertainment was a notable success, there being about three hundred and twenty-five seamen present. The music and recitations were of a high order. The Christmas tree and useful presents were much appreciated; the turkey supper fully enjoyed. The chapel, newly painted and kalsomined, was decorated on all sides with brilliant flags furnished for the occasion by the obliging Harbor Master of this port, and tastefully festooned. The scene was most inspiring, and everybody was in a genial, happy mood. The King's Daughters donated \$25 for the purchase of an iron bedstead and bedding for the new dormitory. Mr. A. C. Danner, with characteristic generosity, gave coal. For the past twelve years not a cent has been paid for coal, our friends among Mobile's coal dealers nearly always responding promptly upon the chaplain's applica-

tion. Hungry seamen have been fed; several have slept at night in the Bethel. Numerous magazines have been sent to the reading room. Mr. Bidgood gave an unspillable inkstand, Mr. Kelly gave a hook on which to suspend a large lamp in the centre of the chapel, and last, but not least, some ladies of the Bethel Auxiliary gave the chaplain for his Christmas present a fine silk umbrella, a walking cane and a black silk muffler.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 22, all others, 52; religious services held in chapel, 8, in hospital, 12; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 28, of others, 9; religious visits to hospital, 4, on ships, 153, to boarding houses, 26; distributed 2 Italian Bibles, 3 Italian Testaments, 1 German Testament, 1 English Testament and numerous magazines, SAILORS' MAGAZINES, Norwegian and English tracts and leaflets.

Texas.

GALVESTON.

The Rev. J. F. Sarnier writes on January 5:

Thanks be to God, that the old Book says there shall neither be inactivity nor annihilation, "for His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads." Rev. xxii: 3, 4. This spurs us to renew our efforts for the good of humanity, and to enter this new year with a strong faith in God for greater results to be accomplished than ever before. Many encouraging incidents have happened since my last communication.

Our services have been fairly well attended. We have had some very pleasant conversations with sailors who have found Christ at one or the other of our seamen's missions. Thank God for these missions! They are doing a great deal of good. Twenty-one seamen in destitute condition have been assisted and the sick and poor visited whenever practicable. Two entertainments have been held during the holidays: one at Christmas for the Sunday School, one at New Year's for the sailors. In the Sunday School we have sixty children representing five different nationalities. The entertainment was a success and the house crowded to the doors; everybody present received a gift of some sort; the chaplain being remembered with a nice sum in

currency. The sailors' entertainment was not less successful. After a very interesting and highly instructive program had been rendered at the chapel, we all retired to the reading room where the ladies had prepared lunch with coffee and fruit. About two hundred sailors participated and all had a most enjoyable evening. We have a steady increase in attendance and over one thousand six hundred letters have been written at the reading room the last three months.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 72, all others, 136; religious services held in chapel, 34, elsewhere, 1; average attendance at religious services, about 30; religious visits to hospitals, 4, on ships, about 200; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 11, tracts in large numbers.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. James Sherrard writes on January 5:

Four hundred and fifty-seven seamen accepted the invitation to the Christmas entertainment last year, and spent an unusually pleasant evening at the Seamen's Bethel. Some of the men I met on the ships afterwards said "they never had a better time." As usual we took advantage of the occasion to give them some wholesome advice, as well as supplying the outer man with good things, and each man carried a comfort bag away with him containing a copy of "the Holy Scriptures which are able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is Christ Jesus," and many of the bags had earnest appeals to the sailors from Christian ladies, urging them to accept Christ as their Saviour and live as He has directed in His Word. One lady stated that she wished to make the sailor who received her bag a special object of prayer until he was converted. I selected a suitable subject for her prayer and effort in the person of a young sailor boy who was an orphan.

Our appeal through the press and by circulars to those who had sent bags in the past, brought us six hundred well filled, handsome bags, and they were very much appreciated by the men. We had a pyramid of five hundred bags on the platform. and the various colors and designs presented quite a pretty appearance.

The attendance at our religious meetings is very encouraging. On Christmas eve we had forty-five seamen present; on New Year's eve we had forty-seven, and on last Sunday night fifty-nine were present. Addresses suited to the occasion were delivered and listened to with marked attention, and two requested prayer at one of the meetings. In the colored ward of the Marine Hospital last Sunday there were eleven men at the meeting, only one of them was a professed Christian, but the other ten requested prayer and promised to live Christian lives. I am going to present each of them with a New Testament next Sunday. Last Saturday evening at a concert and tea given by the Second German M. E. Church there were one hundred and seventy-three seamen and two hundred and ninety-eight citizens present. The pastor, a converted sailor, who has been in the ministry for thirty-three years, gave them an account of his life and conversion.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 90, all others, 262; 434 visits were made to ships and 6,650 invitations distributed among the crews; 5,228 sailors availed themselves of the privileges afforded them at the Bethel; 1,071 letters were written by seamen at the Bethel to their homes; 639 seamen and 254 citizens attended the 26 religious services held in the Bethel; 26 visits were made to sick sailors in hospitals, and they were supplied with reading matter; 18 services were held in the United States Marine Hospital with 146 in attendance; 12 concerts were given on Saturday nights with 1,506 seamen and 1,505 citizens present; 684 lodgings were provided, 4,298 papers, 2,360 magazines, 2,352 tracts, 723 Bibles, Testaments and Gospels, and 592 comfort bags were distributed.

Washington

TACOMA.

The Rev. R. S. Stubbs writes on December 29, 1903:

The work at our Seamen's Institute and Bethel is attended by many precious tokens of blessing and good accomplished. The attendance of seamen (not apprentices) has been much larger than usual and the religious influence of our Institute sociables has been great. This to me is peculiarly cheering; and yet my

heart yearns with intensity to see my brother seamen sign articles on board the old ship Zion. Oh for a breath of divine grace and Spirit influence to make

The guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Looking for this essential divine help we labor on, praying without ceasing. I send to you, dear sir, our sincere appreciation and gratitude for your courtesies and kind words.

SAILORS GIVEN CHRISTMAS CHEER.

The seamen in port, though far from home and native land, many of them, had a jolly celebration and a Christmas tree all their own last evening at the Tacoma Seamen's Mission and Institute on North Thirtieth Street, Old Town. Chaplain Stubbs arranged for the entertainment to the seamen, and the sailors were given a royal good time.

From vessels at dock and ships in the bay they gathered to the number of about forty, and were the honored guests of the occasion. Other visitors packed the house, and the affair was one of the merriest of the many Christmas celebrations.

The sailor boys were entertained with speeches, songs, gifts, and a famous turkey dinner. Chaplain Stubbs opened the proceedings with an address on the "Birth of Christ," pointing out the lessons of the nativity. Rev. Mrs. James Clulow addressed the audience, presenting faith as the conquering side of life, and urging the seamen to enlist in the Master's work.

A large delegation was present from the First Methodist Church, members of which furnished a number of enjoyable recitations and vocal and instrumental numbers. The sailors also participated in the program with several recitations and songs. A "shanty song," to which much of the hauling of ropes aboard is done, was given, the verses being sung by a sailor and the seamen all joining in with a rousing chorus.

A Christmas tree was provided for the sailors alone, and every sailor present was the recipient of what is known aboard ship as a "ditty bag," being a mending kit, with needles, thread and the like. A pocket Testament and a kind, personal letter were also included in the bags.

After the exercises, the turkey dinner, or supper, was served. As guests of honor, the sailors were all seated at the

first table, and they did full justice to the holiday feast. A short address was made the sailors while seated at the festal board by the Rev. Mrs. Clulow. The other visitors were then served as fast as the table accommodations would permit. The occasion was one of rare enjoyment to the sailors.—*Tacoma Daily Ledger*.

Book Notice.

POMIUK, A WAIF OF LABRADOR. By Wm. Byron Forbush. Boston. The Pilgrim Press.

"Mr. Martin," the pen name of the Rev. C. C. Carpenter, writes a page for children in the *Congregationalist*, Boston; the same Mr. Carpenter who gave eight years of good service to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY on the Labrador coast forty years ago. Mr. Forbush gathers from the pages of the *Congregationalist* "Mr. Martin's" talks to children about Pomiuk, a Labrador boy who was brought to this country. It was worth while to make this little book, which is a medley of stories of the Eskimos, of Dr. Grenfell, their missionary, of Labrador life, and especially of little Pomiuk, his sickness and trials, and of the American children who made his life that of a Christian child. The whole story is simply fascinating. Let the book go into every Sunday School library, and it is just as good for adults as for children. It is a beautiful illustration of Christian love.

Receipts for December, 1903.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, S. C. Snell.....	\$ 2 00
Blandford, legacy of Miss Harriet M. Hinsdale, per Wm. E. Hinsdale, executor.....	500 00
Easthampton, Payson Congregational Church.....	13 43
Montague, Congregational Church..	5 00
Northfield, Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander, for libraries, one being "Annual Christmas Gift Library".....	40 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Pawtucket Congregational Church.....	112 29
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CONNECTICUT.

Derby, First Congregational Church	14 00
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Glastonbury, bequest of Miss Fidelia Wells Hale, late of Glastonbury, per Thos. H. L. Tallcott executor.....	500 00
Groton Heights, Groton Heights Baptist Church, for a loan library...	20 00
Hartford, Wm. Huntington.....	1 00
Kent, First Congregational Church..	10 63
Meriden, First Congregational Ch., of which from "a friend," \$10, and from the Sunday School, \$12.02.....	42 02
Norfolk, Norfolk Congregational Ch.	44 04
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Westbrook, Susan Stevens.....	2 00
West Hartford, First Church of Christ.....	22 33

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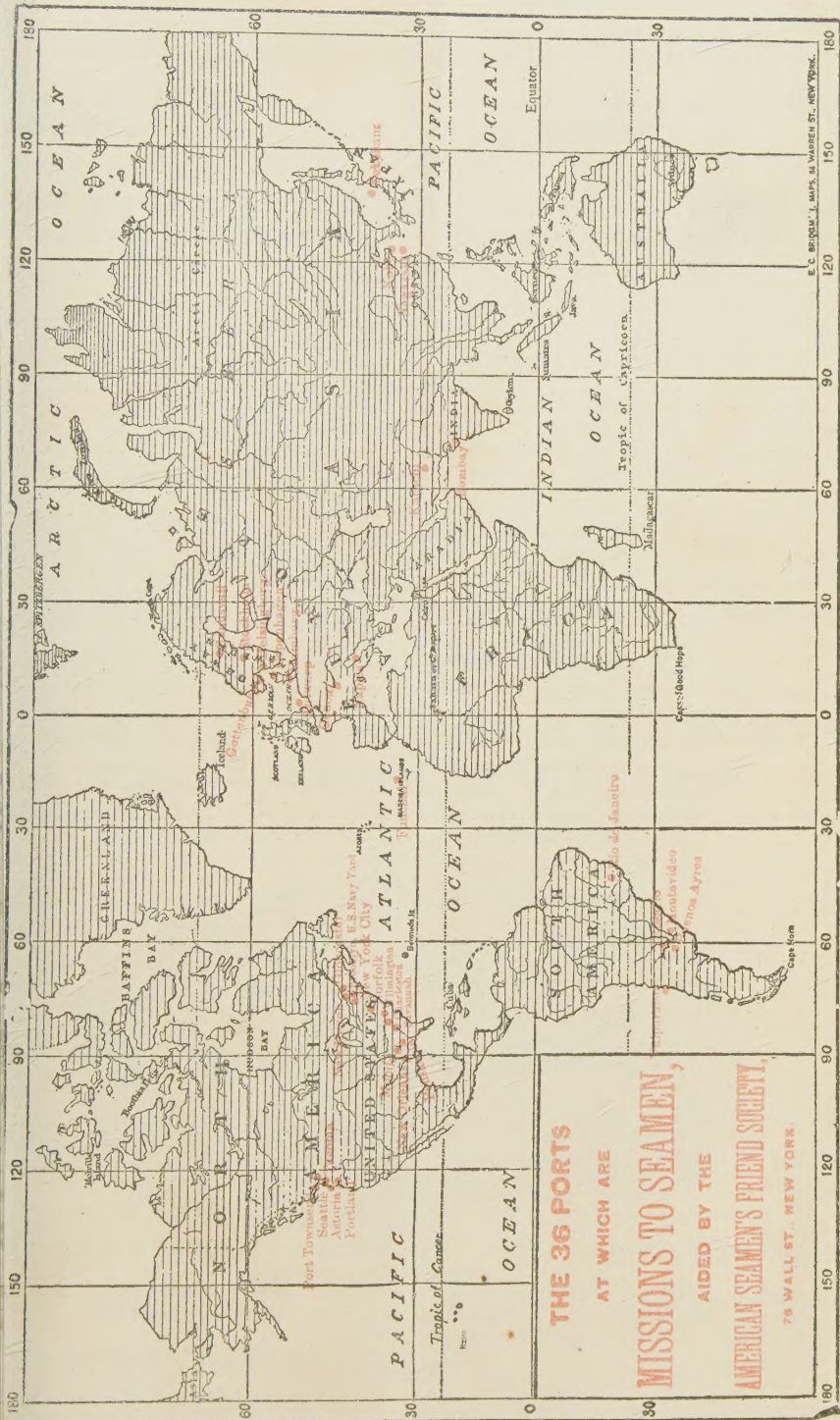
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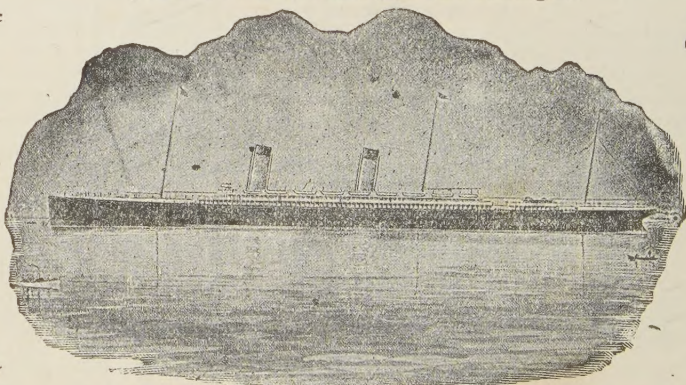
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Belgium: Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
Italy: Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller, D.D.
Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
India: Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, Mr. F. E. Havens, Superintendent.
Karachi.....	Rev. T. E. F. Morton.
Japan: Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
Brazil: Rio de Janeiro.....	Seamen's Mission.
Chile: Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
Argentine Republic: Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home, Henry F. Fellows.
Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home and Mission, E. Hallberg.
Uruguay: Montevideo.....	Montevideo Harbor Mission, Rev. G. P. Howard.
Chile: Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors and Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart.
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Georgia: Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
Alabama: Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
Texas: Galveston.....	Galveston Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. F. Sarnier.
Louisiana: New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, James Sherrard.
Oregon: Portland.....	W. S. Fletcher.
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East Boston, 120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	
Bow Bedford, Mass., 14 Bethel Court....	Ladies' Branch N. B. P. S.....	E. Williams.
Providence, R. I., 385 South Main St.....		Capt. Daniel Cook, Supt.
New York, N. Y., 52 Market St.....	Epis. Missionary Society for Seamen.	
Brooklyn, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home.....	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
Philadelphia, Pa., 422 South Front St...	Penn. Lutheran Seamen's Home...	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
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21 Centoies Slip.....		" R. F. Duffield.
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ARTICLE II, (of Constitution).—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

CHAPLAINS.—See preceding page for list of missions and missionaries of this Society.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—On American vessels leaving the port of New York loan libraries are placed for the use of the officers and crews. Each library costs \$20 to the donor, contains 43 well selected books, and is returned and sent out again as long as it lasts. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and the effort is made to secure for the donor a report of its usefulness. These libraries build up the mental, moral and religious life of seamen, and are often the means of their conversion. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to December 1, 1903, was 11,079. Calculating 13,421 reshipments, their 597,772 volumes have been accessible to 428,009 men. Sunday Schools and Church Societies (Y. P. S. C. E. &c.) as well as individuals send these libraries to sea.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this Magazine.